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month; I have a calendar of your city in my hands, and hope to hang one half of you at least.

HOW TO PREVENT REVOLUTION.

The following instance will serve to show that though Louis XV. of France had many failings, he did not permit private feeling to interfere with public duty. A prince of the blood having disgraced himself by robbery and murder in the streets of Paris, was taken into custody, tried and found guilty, but through respect to his rank, a deputation from the parliament waited on the king, to inform him that they would not pronounce sentence, until the royal will had been declared. "And why not gentlemen," said the king. The president replied, "the unhappy prince has your Majesty's blood circulating in his veins." "*It is become putrid, and must be let out,*" was the king's answer. Another of the deputies still venturing to express a wish that the offender might be pardoned, the royal judge put an end to any further application by pronouncing the following words in an elevated voice. "Return without delay, and pronounce your decree; for, by my hopes of eternal salvation, and by the sacred trust I hold from Almighty God, *he should die if he were my only son.*" The murderer was executed on a scaffold in the court of the Chatelet, in the early part of the 18th century.

THE ANSWER SUITED TO THE QUESTION.

A man went to a Derveish, and proposed three questions; first, "why do they say that God is omnipotent? I do not see him in any place: show me where he is." Second, "Why is man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God? Man has no free will; for he cannot do any thing contrary to the will of God; and if he had power, he would do every thing for his own good." Third, "How can God punish Satan with hell-fire since he is formed of that element? and what impression can fire make on itself?" The Derveish took up a large clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the Cazy, and said, "I proposed three questions to a certain Derveish, who flung such a clod at me, as has made my head ache." The Cazy having sent for the Derveish, asked, "why did you strike this man with a clod, instead of answering his questions? The Derveish replied: "The clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says, he has a pain in his head; let him show it, and I will make God visible to him. Why also does he exhibit a complaint to you against me? Whatever I did was the act of God; I did not strike him without the will of God. What power do I possess. Moreover as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer pain from that element?" The man was confounded, and the Cazy highly pleased with the Derveish's answer.

# ORIGINAL POETRY.

## ANALYSIS OF 1808 AND 1809.

*Continued from No.* VI.

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*

SAGE Typographic Sirs, again I greet ye,
After so long a lapse, right glad to meet ye.
Pray how are all my sable* friends, your imps?
It will (I assure you) give me mighty pleasure
To find them safe at home, and free from seizure
By Sir *Vicary's* vengeful—*legal crimps.*

Will they, with new-strung lyre resume the song?
And (quaintly singing as they go along,
"SPANIA ecce rerum"—"*tibi desinet cantus*")
Tell us of all the advances and retreats,
*Pretended* conquests, and *confirm'd* defeats,
Publish'd by *Generals—Monks*—and *Central Juntas!*

Will they most conscientiously compafe
The monstrous lies of *Master Hookham Frere*,
And tell us how in shape and form they chime
With facts, as brought to light by *Master Time?*
But at their *rapper's* risque let them—not tell
How MOORE, to *knavish clerks* a victim fell.

Will they be able *now* to reconcile
A difference so great as this, that while
A British Army high in courage—high
In martial ardour aided them—then why
Did not that patriotic ardour show
That wond'rous valour 'gainst the common foe

* See Magazine for January, 1809, page 39.

Which now appears in ev'ry new report
Of every ship from every Spanish port?

"Lord, Sir! tis plain as light"—your imps will say,
When Britons fought,—*the* Spaniards ran away;
And if the truth was known, so do they still.
But * * * * * no truth will tell.

Infants of Koster, can you now declare
The likely issue of this Spanish war?
"The issue of this war"—the elfs will say—
"We are not prophets, sir—mere sylphs—mere slaves,
Performing always what our *interest* craves,
And as seems meet—we either fight or pray;
But on this axiom all our skill we cast—
Still judge of future events by the past."

Well now, of *Sweden* will you deign to speak?
Or take of its mad king a solemn view,
One hundred thousand pounds a month at stake,
And where's the good that's likely to ensue?
Shade of *Adolphus—Vasa*'s shade appear,
On your distracted country cast one look,
Oh may your voice and counsel still be near
The hope of *Sweden*, *Sudermania's Duke*.
And, maugre foreign gold—let warfare cease.
Say to each maddening faction—peace—peace—peace!

Now I might call you idle, dirty vermin,
Short-sighted thieves, and scant of all discerning,
Who broach'd not even once, a thing so plain
As *Nap*'s destruction—*Bonaparte*'s ruin,
His empire overturn'd by—his misdoing,
Vent'ring with Austria to make this campaign.

Your thieves again will say, "Lord, sir, in war
Every rapscallion passes us by far;
Ours is the art of harmony and peace.
Now, for the love of God, deal justly by us,
And with a civil question fairly try us,
Suppose the *orgies of Gloucester-place*."

To them I thus reply, What signifies
The filthy jacobinic Cambrian lies,
Which did appear the Committee before,
'Twould make an honest, loyal Christian ****
To hear thus blazon'd forth *a Royal Duke*
As a co-partner with a common *****

By way of interlude, when things look bad,
And nought of consolation can be had;
When *Austrian bulletins* have run too long,
And coming near the dregs, taste sour and hard,
Give us to catch the eye and claim regard
Of *Catalani the accouchement!*

Now swell your lungs and make a noise,
And tell about St. Stephen's boys,
Or, rather tell about St. Stephen's hall,
And from the cases of your hidden store
Tip us a sample of historic lore,
Which will inform, and eke—astonish all.

Of William Rufus now most loudly sing,
That sober, self-will'd, chaste, domestic king,
When wishing to atone for some great crime
By him committed, built this solid fane
A few years after he began to reign,
In the year of—I cannot tell the time,
And stock'd it well with jolly monks and friars,
A noisy, prating, babbling pack of liars.

And in this chapel, as sage *Howell*† tells,
Were (plac'd by Rufus) three enormous bells,
Which only rung on coronation days,
Triumphs, and funerals, as the legend says:
But when they rung, so awful was the sound,
It sour'd the drink for many miles around.

Alas! long since these bells have ceas'd to toll,
But in their stead (have mercy on his soul)
A human bell—I think I hear it yet,
Within this chapel rung—its name was *Pitt*,
And so tremendous was its triple roar,
It rais'd the price of drink, as well as made it sour.

Stop, stop, in God's name, sure we have enough
About St. Stephen's chapel, and such stuff.
Now quit your cases, and skip into form;
Put on a look sedate, demure, and grave,
And having done so, may I humbly crave
That you will tell us something of Reform.

Reform, and gravity—sure, sir, you jest,
Whate'er is best administer'd is best;
Have you not read so, and will you not grant
That *Percival* deserves great praise, so far
As asking no new taxes for the war.
If this don't please you, tell us what you want.

And then that gentle stripling Castlereagh,
Will it not please you when you hear him say,
That, "'pon my honor, sir, I *did* intend
Against the constitution to offend.
Yet *consummation* not being in my power,
I'm innocent and pure as any flower."

*Edenteculla*, CALDERONE.
*25th May*, 1809.

*(To be continued.)*

† See Londinopolis, a book written by Howell.

## SONNET TO THE RED-BREAST.

RED-BREAST, I love thy moralizing song,
Pour'd at my window on my waken'd ear,
When hoary winter leads his blasts along,
And leafy tenants fill the inverted year.

Methinks thus speaks thy vocal minstrelsy,
Swift fly the Halcyon months on rapid wing;
Mute all the harmonious songsters of the sky,
The friend of man, lo! I am left to sing!

Gay summer's glare ill suits thy state and mind;
Winter's grave livery virtue better loves,
The day is short, employ the early prime,
To mark the good the conscious mind approves.